

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING the boat to pursue its way amid the dark windings of the river, we will take the reader back to the afternoon of the day, at the close of which we opened our story, and to the villa which we have already described.

Upon the portico, about four o' clock in the afternoon, stood two persons looking seaward; for the main ocean was in view to the south-west, and to its shores it was not half an hour's walk across the promontory, while the inner bay, enclosed by the promontory of the Beacon, lay directly beneath and to the left of the mansion like a map.

One of the persons was a gentleman with gray hair, and a florid, handsome face, with a decidedly English cast of features, while his frame was large and English built, not unlike that we have of the pictures of the Duke of Sussex, portly and noble-looking. He was in high health, and yet as he paced up and down the piazza, there was visible a contraction of the brow and compressure of the lip, that betokened thoughts perplexing, or a mind temporarily ill at ease. He held a letter in his hand, which contained a printed slip cut from some Gazette.

The second personage was a female of seventeen or perhaps full eighteen summers, fresh, blooming, graceful and handsome enough for a score of knights in the crusading times to do battle for, vizor down and lance in rest. That she was the

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